

# ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF



NEWFOUNDLAND

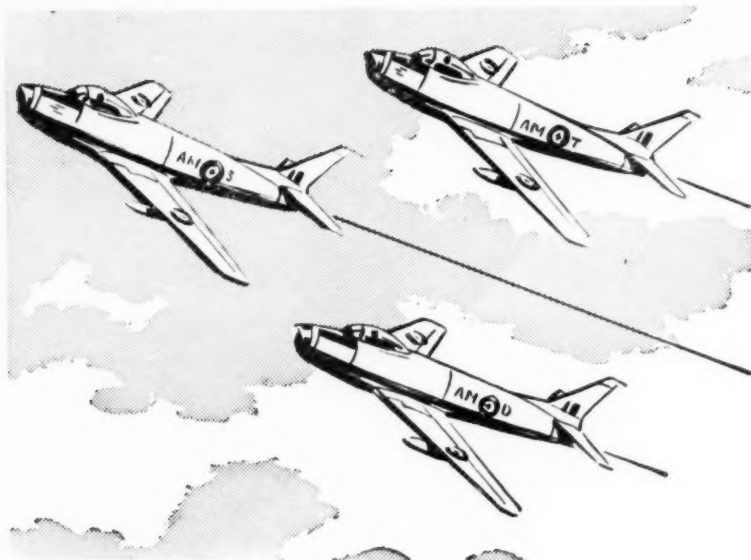


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- CARMANVILLE. N. D. B.

AUGUST, 1953. VOL. X. No. 4

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# Atlantic Guardian

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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VOL. 10, NO. 2. AUGUST,

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### Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the Island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors.

Cover Picture: Horace McNeil of St. Anthony is one of Newfoundland's best-known amateur radio operators—"hams" as they are called. Because communications are somewhat slim in the North, Operator McNeil, as well as Jack Watts and Rev. Dr. Lester Burry of Northwest River—and others—have rendered valuable public service from time to time, especially in cases of sickness and emergency. Photo by National Film Board.



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**ATLANTIC GUARDIAN**

## ***See Your Own Country First***

**I**T has been a great pleasure this summer to practise what we have been preaching—to become for a time a “tourist” and see something more of the Island which we have been recommending to others so loudly and so long.

We spent a week touring the Burin Peninsula, and an interesting trip it was. Primarily the purpose of the tour was to gather pictures and stories on the area—and the results of that effort will appear in future issues of this magazine. But we were able to combine pleasure with business and can write about it with a tourist perspective.

The scenery down that way is excellent, especially around Marystown and Burin. Signs pointing the way over spur roads to such places as Baine Harbor, Mooring Cove, Spanish Room, and Bay L'Argent proved too tempting to resist, and even though the detour to the latter place is five miles each way, bringing us right out to Fortune Bay, it was well worth while. Bay L'Argent lies at the base of a mountain, from the top of which the view is simply magnificent.

The roads to and around the Burin Peninsula “boot” are generally good, as gravel roads go, and a lot of work is being done on them this summer. The new road linking Burin and St. Lawrence, which branches off at Salt Pond, is particularly good, sweeping high, wide and handsome through virgin country. It is now possible to go by road to any place on the Peninsula.

The people in that area certainly weren't behind the door when hospitality was given out. Everywhere we went it was the same, a friendly greeting, information gladly given—even to where the “big ones” could be caught. After the first day or so we didn't care where night overtook us—we could always get in somewhere. The people of the Burin Peninsula are obviously convinced that the tourist business is everybody's business.

Catering places along the highroad and in the towns appear to be on the increase, and still more are needed. Between Swift Current and Marystown, a distance of nearly 100 miles, there is only one building that has a Lunch Room sign over the door. As yet there are no tourist cabins on the Burin Peninsula—at least we didn't see any.

Business was reported good at Cabot Lodge, Goobie's, and Swift Current Cabins—two first-class places, by the way. And the hotels and boarding houses along the Peninsula were doing pretty well.

So, many other people must have had the same idea this summer—to visit the Burin Peninsula. And we are confident that a good time was had by all.



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ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



Making lunches every day for 12 boarders is a combined operation around the Brown household in Toronto. Charles Brown and his wife use seven loaves of bread a day to keep their housefull going, and have sandwich making down to such a science that there is a butcher basket full of neatly packed lunches waiting each morning as the boarders dash off for work.

## ***Boarding House Reach***

by **MELBA LENT**

**I**T isn't necessary to build a better mousetrap in order to have people beat a path to your door in Toronto, Newfoundlanders are discovering. All you have to do is insert an advertisement in the paper—"Home-cooked meals in Newfoundland home, suit two working men. Lunches packed."

Newfoundlanders from all over the city do the rest.

Many of Toronto's 30,000 Newfoundlanders have been able to

buy their own homes through just such advertisements as that—and it has been mostly the other half of that 30,000 who have helped them do it.

But it isn't quite as easy as all that. In most cases, the man of the house has gone out to work and taking care of the house and boarders has fallen entirely to the wife. A survey among Newfoundland landladies in the Queen City revealed that this averages out to a 14-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week



arrangement as far as she is concerned. But the gross returns average about \$14 a week per boarder.

And a lot of it is fun, according to Mrs. A. Payne, of Corner Brook.

In fact, she maintains that it keeps her out of mischief and she likes to have people around her.

Her "fun" consists of getting up at 5.30 every morning to get breakfasts swing-shift style for her 12 boarders, husband, son, daughter and herself. She also puts up lunches for all of them, makes their beds, prepares a hot meal for them at night, cleans through the house, and does all her own washing. Bedtime ranges anywhere from 10.30 to 12.00 at night.

### **Make Their Own Beds**

But they are "good" boarders, she maintains. They often make their own beds on the weekends and baby sit for her when she and her husband want to go out for an evening. Although she and her husband had never taken in boarders until three years ago, she has found that her past experience as a waitress in Twillingate has been invaluable. First rule of the house is no liquor on the premises and no drunks inside the front door.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Brown, in another section of the city, have the same rules and run their rooming house on much the same plan. They too are up at 5.30 and serve breakfast until eight. A hot supper is served from 5.30 to 7.00 and each night a butcher's basket full of carefully packed lunches is left ready for the boarders to pick up in the morning. Unlike the Paynes, the Browns stretched a point and took in one girl along with 11 men.

All the Newfoundland landladies we talked to agreed that they had plenty of space for men—but girls are too much trouble.

The Browns came to Toronto from Corner Brook three years ago and have been taking in boarders ever since, though they had never done it before. Like Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Brown says keeping boarders is fun—and after you get used to it, it doesn't seem like such hard work.

The Reids, also from Corner Brook, also are making a thriving business out of their boarders, and their whole household takes on the appearance of one happy-go-lucky rambling family. The five Reid children take an active interest in all that the boarders do and occasionally entice them out onto the back lot for a game of baseball. The boarders themselves share many of their social activities, ranging from poker to the wrestling matches at Maple Leaf Gardens. And to all of them, Mrs. Jake Reid is known affectionately either as "Ma" or "Sophie." It's a 'Hail fellow, well met' atmosphere, and Mrs. Reid seems to thrive on her 16 hours a day.

Rooming houses like these, with 10 or 12 boarders for three meals a day, consume a prodigious amount of food and pile up about 40 pounds of laundry a week. Potatoes and bread are the two biggest staples and range around 100 pounds of potatoes and 80 loaves of bread a week. Twenty pounds of margarine and 35 quarts of milk a week round out these mainstays.

Wherever possible, these Newfoundlanders try to serve their



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boarders Newfoundland meals—fish and potatoes, fish cakes, etc.—but they seldom can get the delicacies like cod tongues and the makings of fish and brewis. In hospitable Newfoundland tradition the boarders for the most part become one of the family, rather than a means of making extra money.

In spite of that attitude, however, keeping boarders has proved a lucrative pastime for most of the housewives. Mrs. John Newman, of Argentia, reports that in only two years, her husband, with her help as a landlady, has been able to buy their own home from an initial stake of only \$1,500. John Newman is a plumber. Taking care of their two children, the 11-room house and four boarders is Mrs. Newman's task.

---

At the other end of the table Jake Reid (right) banters gaily with the two boarders beside him, Tom Osborn (left) of Upper Island Cove, and Giles Bonnell, of Lamaline.

The Harold Bugdens tell much the same story. Harold is a dental technician and they came to Toronto from Bell Island. They started taking in boarders two years ago to help offset the high cost of living in the Queen City and a serious eye operation on their oldest boy, Larry, now three. Larry's eyes, which were badly crossed, have become almost normal as the result of an operation which made medical history in Toronto, it was such a departure from regular procedure. In another year he may even be able to discard his glasses. In the meantime, the Bugdens have become accustomed to having boarders and find that, by having only four, they have plenty of room for themselves. Besides, since the boarders are Newfoundlanders with plenty of Newfoundland friends in the city, it makes the Bugden home a Newfoundland oasis. And the Bugdens admit it—they're homesick and looking forward to returning to their native isle some day.



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# Our Weather Is

by **RON PUMPHREY**

**O**LD TIMERS, young timers, too, are saying that winters in Newfoundland aren't at all of the unwelcomed severity they were short years ago. And they're right. Newfoundland winters are very definitely, very markedly warmer of late years—and this phenomenon has had radical effects on everything in this island province from hygiene to economics.

And even more profound implications will follow should winters here continue to get warmer.

The Grand Banks will transform from cod to haddock grounds, and, in addition, to cite just one more instance, the island will be most susceptible to cyclones from the south which are now deflected north-eastward by a natural will of cold air which prevails over Newfoundland by reason of the frigid waters of the Labrador or Arctic Current.

This high pressure wall may well disappear should the volume of the Arctic Current keep decreasing.

What is the cause of this great change in Newfoundland winters, this transformation from bitterly cold seasons of heavy snows to a relatively moderate climate?

The answer to this much discussed question is given above: the volume of the Arctic Current has shown decreases during the past few years! This, naturally, makes the waters surrounding Newfound-

land warmer, and the effect of this is less colder winds blowing in over the land from the water.

And why has the Arctic Current decreased in volume?

The answer is that the Polar Ice Cap is receding. Here, as in the facts stated about the varied volume of the Arctic Current, we are quoting Hubert Squires, B.Sc., of the Fisheries Research Station here. The Station is under the very capable control of Dr. Wilfred Templeman, who, in a recent interview about fish matters, also had some very interesting disclosures to make regarding the "warming up" of Newfoundland.

## **Haddock vs. Cod**

The Grand Banks are warmer. This proved most unfavorable last fishing season, for Bankers, but most profitable for the shore fishermen. Reason is that cod do not like warm water (of course the Grand Banks weren't actually warm), and they migrated to places nearer where it was cooler.

Because of this, Southern Shore fishermen, for instance, made as high as twenty-five and fifty dollars a day, according to well-known fish merchant W. J. Bursey, Manager of Fort Amherst Fish Foods.

Quite a number of inshore fishermen last season were literally made rich, fish were that plentiful. On the other hand, Spanish trawlers

# Warming Up!

and other foreign ships, having had a hard time getting substantial loads of cod on the Grand Banks, moved northward to the Hamilton Banks, off the Labrador coast.

While on the subject of fish, what is this about the possibility of the cod grounds of the Grand Banks being transformed to haddock grounds, should the Banks keep getting warmer?

This radical change can become an eventuality simply because as stated, cod aren't adaptable to relatively warm waters. Haddock are. Proof of the latter is the fact, and we quote Dr. Templeman of the Fisheries Research Station, that quite an abundance of haddock has been caught in February and March of this year. This is the result of the "warming up" of the Grand Banks, last year. In contrast, in 1950 when the Banks were exceptionally cold the haddock were forced by pressure to lower depths where they became thin, the older ones refusing to grow, in spite of the fact that there was plenty of food!

This "prevention of maturity" was due to the haddock's digestion being impaired by the coldness of the water, digestion being a chemical process. Because they couldn't digest, they couldn't eat as they should have—it's as simple as that.

Still on the subject of fish, for a few more paragraphs, it is interesting to note that Newfoundland's "warmer winters and waters" are responsible in no small way for the

introduction of foreign, or warmer-water fish to our shores, particularly on the south coast.

Most common of these is the Pollock. Four years ago they couldn't be found here. Now whole populations are growing up in the waters along the south coast.

The Pollock migrated from Nova Scotia and the sea further south.

The species are shaped like a cod, the flesh a little darker; they are of the cod family and, like the cod, are very good eating.

## How? And Why?

Newfoundland is just as likely to be in for even warmer winters—or much colder ones.

We'll explain the first case first: If the volume of the Arctic Current keeps dwindling, then the cold air, or high pressure area, over Newfoundland and acting as a barrier which deflects high winds from the south, will gradually become less impenetrable.

Newfoundland will then be subjected to the warm breezes off the Gulf Stream which comes up from the south and which is deflected westward by the continental fringe.

On the other hand, Newfoundland won't have that protective high pressure wall against the southern cyclonic systems.

Now comes the question: How is Newfoundland just as likely to

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have colder winters as warmer ones, particularly since the past few winters have been very definitely warmer?

The recession of the northern ice cap is cyclical. It can—and eventually will—come down again, thus making the Arctic Current colder and of a greater volume, which in turn will restore the cod to the Grand Banks and drive away the haddock. Newfoundland winters will be colder.

And this "sudden" change in climate will bring on various petty diseases for the population as were universally evident when Newfoundland's winters took a turn for the better.

Just what causes the recession and then the precipitation of the Polar ice cap is too long and involved a matter to go into right now, and suffice it to say that it has quite a lot to do with what are commonly referred to as "sun spots."

It is impossible to even make the faintest prediction as to whether or not future Newfoundland winters will be warmer, as climatic records for this island province go back to a mere ten years or so.

Two things are certain, however: Newfoundland will not revert to the ice age—and neither will palm trees grow on Water Street for quite a while to come.

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ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



This Notre Dame Bay settlement depends largely on logs and lobster, and a road link with Gander is eagerly awaited.

## Carmanville

by DON RYAN

**W**ITHIN one of the quiet reaches of Sir Charles Hamilton Sound lies the settlement of Carmanville which may become a supply centre for the south shore of Notre Dame Bay.

This settlement with upwards of a thousand people is only about three-quarters of a century old, though it is a century and a quarter since the first inhabitants visited its tree-clad shoreline.

Its first inhabitant was a police officer who came from Twillingate to trap fox, bear and otter in the backwoods of this logging town.

That was around 1825 or 1830. He was John Day of Dorset, England.

With him came his wife and two children. They settled in a little cove where a family of Indians was also living.

Descendants of this first pioneer are still living in the very spot where he marked out a homestead for himself.

Some years later in the latter half of the nineteenth century a family of Hicks brothers, six in all, moved in from Musgrave Harbor.

They spent their winters in this



new tree-clad settlement and moved out on the coast in the spring to fish for cod. Others followed, soon more clearings were made, new trails cut, and the settlement grew and expanded.

They preferred this sheltered wooded inlet to the stormy openness of Musgrave Harbor and so they stayed. Here right at their doorsteps grew massive pine, spruce, and fir—ideal timber for ship building.

Soon saw pits were erected, chips were flying from keen edge axes, and hammers were beating hard on assembled timbers as schooners ranging from twenty to fifty tons took shape. Larger and smaller vessels too slid down the launchways each spring.

In these vessels the fisherfolk sailed to the Wadams, the Penguin Islands, and the Funks. Some of them steered a northerly course and sailed for the coastal waters of Labrador.

During those fishing years Carmanville had some master boat builders. One of its pioneer residents, Jesse Hicks, up to within three years of his death—he being sixty-nine when he died—built a craft for every year of his life. He built as many as nine schooners and in one winter completed as many as four, four-oared boats.

The Bonnie Nell I, hospital boat used by the Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital at Twillingate, was built here.

With the decline in the fishery the people turned their attention more and more to the woods. Saw mills were built and lumber piled up, soon to find a ready market.

Carmanville today is more of a logging centre than a fishing settlement. But each spring much activity centres around the lobster fishery.

The settlement is strung out above tide-water along a lengthy rock shoreline. A stream at the bottom of the Arm divides the South from the North but the latter is the larger settlement.

Denominaion in both settlements is predominantly United Church with the Salvation Army and Pentecostal in the minority. The settlement has a fine three-room school, a church hall, a post and telegraph office, a Jubilee Guild Hall, a welfare office, an Orange Hall, a resident doctor.

At present Carmanville is somewhat isolated but with expanding roadwork this isolation will eventually be overcome.

Connections with the outside settlements are by boat. The Canadian National coastal steamer calls here twice every two weeks from May to January and small passenger boats also take freight and passengers three times a week from the settlement to Lewisporte. In winter travel is by snowmobile.

Road connections link Carmanville with Noggin Cove, about a mile or so away, and with Frederickton, a few miles away. The road to Frederickton is not yet motorable.

Up until the last couple of years roads have been in a poor condition but they are now being widened and gravelled.

The town, however, has a future if plans work in its favor.

For example, it is only about

thirty miles, as the crow flies, from Gander. If a road is pushed through, Carmanville could become a supply centre for the south shore of Notre Dame Bay and Fogo Island. Supplies for communities in the area could easily and quickly be taken from here.

Besides, the harbor is deep, safe, and lends itself to a shipping port.

This proposed road would pass through one of the best forested regions in the north. Pulpwood could easily be cut and exported from here.

The road would also pass by a long sloping ridge of promising fertile soil, thus opening up farming potentialities within the immediate area.

Too, Carmanville would be an ouelet for tourists and visitors from the big international airport at Gander.

The proposed road would also pass by Bull Pond, a lake some five miles long and two miles wide, just inside the settlement. This unfished lake is teaming with large

trout and could in time become a tourist resort that would attract vacationists from early June to early fall.

The coastal waters, too, are inviting. Here swimming in summer is at its best. Tourists also can find sport in catching cod and lobster and during the late season engage in sea bird shooting. Big game also lurk in the backwoods. The coastal scenery, too, is fresh and inviting.

Canmanville, in southern Notre Dame Bay, has a bright future but its going to take a thirty-mile stretch of road to give this seaport town a boost and to make it a near-supply neighbor to a host of isolated communities along this section of the Notre Dame Bay.

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## *Bar'l's*

Now to inland folk, a bar'l's no more  
Than a sort o' a technical word,  
But jist ask down to home what a bar'l's for  
An' man there's a lot t' be heard!

They be ready to tell, when they sinks a well  
How a bar'l be planted first,  
But ye'd never think when ye wants a drink  
That a bar'l help to quench yer thirst.

An' no kennel ye need fer the canine breed,  
As long as a bar'l be foun'  
Fer the dog there's a bed in an old hoghead  
When she's canted an' shored bung down.

Now, no bought checkerboard need ever be stored  
On a schooner that carries a cask,  
For a clean bar'l head, marked off wit' lead  
An' some buttons—what more would ye ask?

An' they has a device, when they goes to the ice  
In the annual hunt for swiles,  
'Tis a bar'l made fast at the head o' the mast  
Where the 'scunner' can see fer miles.

'Tis a simple 'nuff feat t' fashion a seat  
From a bar'l that's cut away,  
Then by addin' a pair o' staves to yer chair  
Ye've a won'erful rocker—eh?

Ye've a fish-meal mill if a bar'l ye fill  
Full o' dried cod heads an' some rock,  
As ye turns her around, why, the rocks'll pound  
The cod into fodder fer stock.

When 'tis time t' bake an' the good wives take  
Their loaves outside fer t' cool,  
Nine times out o' ten there's yer bar'l ag'en,  
Servin' as sort o' a stool.

Or at times one be half't an' it serve as a craft  
For the b'ys to paddle offshore,  
Ask the bayman's lad if there's fun to be had:  
'Tis a bar'l o' sport, an' more!

An' when outport folk wants a bucket yoke,  
That'll keep 'em free at the knee,  
Why a hoop be placed so that pails be spaced,  
And the water'll stay where she be.

An' they'll leave ye no doubt, when she's plum wore out,  
She be far from done with yet,  
For the staves they take an' a hammock make  
As good as a one of net.

Oh, to outport folk a bar'l be more  
Than a townsman ever knowed,  
So, jist ask down t' home what a bar'l's for—  
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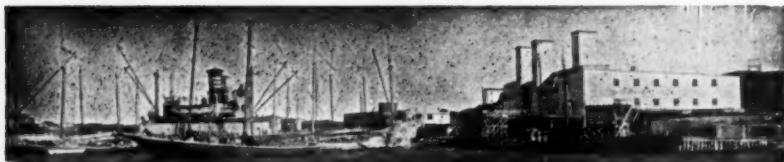


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# ***My Bike and I***

by **GEORGE RUSSELL**

I DIDN'T learn to ride a bicycle until I was nearly too old to learn anything. There was a bicycle or two around our diggings when I was a kid, but the consensus of opinion among us then was that anyone who could sit on one of those fore and aft vehicles and keep on an even keel was performing some kind of black magic. Better keep an eye on people like that.

After some years in the States I returned and found some people of good repute and normal talents riding bicycles, and so was encouraged to try. Might as well sit down and walk as stand up, you know. Well, I found out something about bicycles. They have a strange affinity for wire poles and for deep places in the brook. Before I sampled all the puddles in one area, however, I developed some sort of anti-affinity that kept me away from most of the poles, and I could pass a brook without always taking a dive. In fact, I got so good that I could mount a bicycle from any good sized boulder that happened to be conveniently near the road and could circle in considerably less than an acre of ground.

## **Ever Ride on Pass Island?**

But my proficiency in riding a bicycle is not the burden of this article. I must confess that the fleets of bicycles driven by the younger generation around home seemed to be carying more sail than mine did. What I want to brag

about is the places I have ridden that bike. Come now, you smart young gaffers, did any of you ever ride a bicycle on Pass Island? Don't know where it is, eh? Well, you could argue all night whether it is in Fortune Bay or Hermitage Bay, just as you could argue whether Baccalieu is in Conception Bay or Trinity Bay. However, although I have no undying love for Baccalieu it does seem to be tipped in our Bay a little bit. I've seen it from the hills above Port de Grave, but never from anywhere on the south side of Trinity Bay. But there, it was Pass Island I was talking about. Some old fisherman from that area has come along and settled it all by chanting this little ditty,

"From Cape LaHune to Point May  
This is the width of Fortune Bay."

That settles it. Fortune Bay includes Hermitage Bay, Bay D'Espoir, and the whole business—90 miles wide. Placentia Bay men will stop bragging about the size of their bay now.

Well, to come back to my question. Did you ever ride your bike on Pass Island? I did, and so far as I know, and could gather from the inhabitants of that treeless outpost, no one else ever did. Wheeled vehicles are as scarce as trees there. The road, skirting the tickle and going around two thirds of the island, was not laid out with wheels in mind. Wheels are on watches and

engines, but not on roads. Well, we were a sight. People came out to their gates to see us pass by. One elderly man wanted to know how a thing of such narrow beam could stay up. I went into the dynamics of the thing a bit and finished up by affirming that as long as it was going you couldn't push it over. But keeping it going was something else again on a road with natural stone steps every few yards.

The bicycle odyssey that took me to Pass Island began at Belleoram whither I had crossed over by schooner from Grand Bank. In that latter southwest coast metropolis I thought I had at last mastered the art of mounting by standing on one pedal and swinging my leg in a graceful arc over the seat as the bicycle started off. But my leg hitched in the seat, and when we were at last disentangled and right side up again I decided to go back to the old method of mounting.

So I arrived in Belleoram. That town with the warlike name is level enough in the narrow strip it occupies along its crescent shoreline, but when you start up out of it you are challenging the eagles. Well up the sky ladder leading to St. Jacques I saw a four wheel drive truck parked. I saw no way it could get down in Belleoram, and have not decided yet how it got on the road. I was told it went occasionally to English Harbor West, but it could not have been landed there, not at Coombes Cove nor Mose Ambrose, nor Boxey. I wouldn't rule out St. Jacques. It might have been landed there. When I was in Coombes Cove last sum-

## ***Baby of the Month***



Our little Miss this month is Judy Keeping, two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch Keeping of Point Rosie. The picture was taken last winter when Judy was enjoying one of her favorite sports—playing in the snow.

mer in boat it was nice to see cars and trucks going over the road from that place to Belleoram. The roads have been improved since my bicycle and I went over them half a dozen summers ago. Then the trail varied from smooth grassy stretches to deeply eroded river bottoms and places that looked as if there had been a landslide, or perhaps the bed of some ancient waterfall. We enjoyed the trip, too. Probably nowhere else in Newfoundland are there nicer settlements with better homes or more friendly people.

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



And the scenery along the route is superb. From some eagle's front porch you can look south and see mysterious Miquelon stretching many degrees along the southern horizon. Just east of that exotic isle you know is St. Pierre, a name mentioned softly all along the coast. You can see the rugged shoreline of Fortune Bay south and East, getting higher and more rugged as the eye sweeps northward. The coastline nearby is very picturesque with its steep red cliffs covered by a sprinkle of evergreen. Along that coast you get used to the word Barchoix (Barisway) and the trout that come out of them. It is a grand coast for a summer excursion.

### **First Bike Rider in Grole**

Did you ever ride a bike in Grole? I did, before anybody else ever did. We went there from Hermitage. A mile and a half of fairly good road to Dawson's Cove, ten miles of loose sand to Seal Cove, nearly four miles of a bog road across bakeapple marsh, after which I carried the kicking, squirming loaded bicycle up the side of a cliff, and after quite a few rounds of wrestling, most of which were won by the bicycle, we reached the top and went down into Grole. We were a sensation in Grole. When I was leaving my hostess said, "Go up the road and let me see you come down on that thing." So I went up the "road" and came down "on that thing." By then others had gathered and I felt like a circus rider.

Gaultois. Now there's your place for a bike. You've been in Gaultois, I'm sure. As picturesque a

little settlement as there is anywhere. See the beautifully painted homes reaching far up the side of the hill above the big business firm of Thomas Garland Limited. Notice the board walks. One crosses several chasms far up in the cliff. A mountain goat wouldn't be too nervous crossing there. Another board walk follows along the shore—a nice ride on a bicycle. The young fellow who already has a bicycle there can ride better than I. So could the boys in Hermitage.

If you've never been in Bay D'Espoir you should go there at once. For sylvan beauty and aquatic charm that lovely fiord can hardly be surpassed. Across the Northeast river near the head of Bay D'Espoir is a swinging bridge. It is suspended over rock strewn, rapid flowing waters. As you cross it weaves and bobs and tries its uttermost to throw you over. Crossing was quite a problem. You know how hard it is to cling on with both hands and lead a bicycle by the horns at the same time while your world is trying its best to turn upside down.

### **You Can Carry a Bike**

I should remark at this juncture that a bicycle is a handy vehicle for travelling in those places. It can be handed down into a punt or dory easier than you could hand down a yak or a llama, the usual burden carriers in similar terrain elsewhere. It eats less than a horse and uses less gas than a car. Imagine a car on Pass Island if you can. Oh, there's the secret: You can carry a bike. It makes you feel so superior to be carrying your nag.

My bicycle and I have covered the St. John's area from Witless Bay to Torbay; from "The Brow" to Bell Island. We have spun our thread from Avondale to Baccalieu Tickle; from Bay de Verde to Whitbourne with only a small gap or two. We have covered most of Hodgewater Line and the Cabot Trail and the roads that go down to the sea on either side. We've been on practically every stretch of road in Bonavista Bay from Bonavista to Cape Freels. We've been over most of the roads of Notre Dame Bay to such remote places as Loon Bay and Birchy Bay. We've been over Fogo Island, Change Islands, New World Island and Twillingate Island. Yes, we've been on Sunday Cove Island. To double back a bit, we've covered what road there is on Random Island.

That's a lovely ride from Deer Lake to Lomond in Bonne Bay, 33 miles. It is scenic, for it crosses the Long Range of Mountains. There are mountain ranges, roaring brooks, cunning valleys and broad lakes against a sylvan background of living green. The road follows much the same up and down curves as a graph showing the ups and downs in the price of a barrel of flour from 1935 to 1952. Every mile is numbered. In that way you can see for yourself that you are not getting there.

From Lomond the ferry took us to Norris Point, from whence we crossed over the hump to Rocky Harbor. Struggling up that hump with a recalcitrant bike you look eastward and see a considerable nob called Gros Morne on the map with the figures 2,666 alongside, indicat-



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ing height in feet. But something about struggling over that whale-back ridge in the road led to the whimsical query, "Is that Gros Morne or is this it?"

A bike is a great indicator of elevation, struggling over some of those sky ladders in the road such as those around Collier's Bay and Chapel Arm I would feel in my very bones that those who bragged about the height of the Rockies and the Alps had never gone over this road. I would say to the bike, "Whoever said Gros Morne was the highest point in Newfoundland never pushed a bik up here." A bike isn't very companionable, though. The only answer would be a squeak or a groan. I would try another tack, "This is the first time I ever knew a road between two places could be all uphill both ways." Another grunt from the bike.

Nearly all the pursers and ticket agents in Newfoundland knew that bike. Pursers would usually say, "Wheel her aboard and put her on the deck wherever you can find a place." Ticket agents would utter profane remarks as they filled out the four red tickets a bike required for a train ride. Sometimes I handed the bike up to baggage men at those flag stations along the Avalon Isthmus. Some of them hated the bother. One in particular would

have acted more cheerful about it if I had handed him up a leopard. I didn't blame him too much, though. He was a tidy soul, and a bicycle has much the same stowing qualities as a moose with ten foot antlers.

My bicycle was always loaded. Its two carriers, one for'ard and one aft, gave it distinction. Boys would say, "That's some bike, Mister." However, during a long trip rust would gather. Then young boys would ask wistfully, "Selling that bike, Mister?" Wonder what they would have offered!

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# The Steal

## A Short Story

by RUBY P. SOMERTON

JOSH BUTLER got no right to go to no Mounties with a yarn I stole his fishin' punt. I ain't like Ike Jones who would steal the milk out of your tea if you wasn't look-in'. I never stole a thing in my life.

Unless you could count the time I took a towline from Ike Jones' fishin' stage, but he stole it from me in the first place, so it was only like stealin' my own.

But speakin' of Josh Butler, it all came about Sunday night. You see I've been courtin' Emily Butler off an' on for years. Mostly off though because her old man, Josh that is, don't take much of a shine to me. Says I'm too dumb to marry up with any of his girls. Says he wants something smarter than Gratin brains in his grandchildren.

Me bein' a Gratin don't help any, though Emily don't seem to worry any about the brains. Brains ain't everything, an' we'd marry up quick if she could get her old man to believe that.

Well, last Saturday I got this here note from Emily, sayin' as how her folks was gone to Angler's Point, an' only the girls an' Aunt Aggie was home, an' she'd meet me by the fir tree in the cabbage garden, after dark.

She was sure the girls wouldn't tell if they saw me, but her old Aunt Aggie was there to see that

they wouldn't go messin' aroun' with any young man while her folks were gone. She'd tell for sure, so would I please be certain not to come before dark?

Knowin' Aunt Aggie by sight, I'd make sure I wouldn't get to know her any better. I didn't want to tangle with no Aunt Aggie.

So all day Sunday I just strolled aroun' the harbor. I was uneasy too wonderin' how Emily would manage to get out from under Aggie's gimlet eyes. Aggie was her aunt on her father's side too, an' that didn't help any.

By church time Sunday evenin' I was too jittery to follow the preacher. I had read through half the service for the burial of the dead, before I realized this was evenin' prayers I was to. So I turned to the evenin' service in the first of the book, and started worryin' again.

After church I walked aroun' with the boys a bit, an' like always we ended up on the public wharf. I made sure to tie up the punt there Saturday night after father an' me swabbed her down from the week's fishin'. We wouldn't haul the trap on Sunday. Father said what you got on Sunday was sure to go on Monday. An' the two other fellers that fished with us wouldn't go against father.

Anyhow just when it was gettin' dark I cast off, amid the laughs of the boys. They knew how it was with Emily an' me. An' they knew Josh Butler too.

Once clear of the crowd I set to the oars. I wasn't in no hurry though, I wanted to make sure it

would be good an' dark. I had Aunt Aggie on my mind.

I rowed across the harbor an' passed aroun' Drowned Sailors' Point. I kept close to the shore after that, because this was Butler's Cove. There was a light in the kitchen window of Emily's house just up from the beach. I decided to wait until I'd see a light in the upstairs window, so I let the punt drift aroun' some.

It was one of them still nights we get in summer. The sea was hardly movin' an' there was only the faintest slap of the water against the supportin' timbers under Josh's fishin' stage. I could just make it out in the darkness.

I let the punt drift up along the jetty just below the stage head. There was hardly a sound as I tied her fast. I climbed up on the stage-head. Josh didn't believe in space accordin' to the few feet of platform there was to the stage door.

The door was closed but not barred so I went into the buildin'. The water sloshin' aroun' underneath sounded louder inside than it did outside. Josh had tubs of

codfish salted down. He must have a puncheon of codlivers aroun' somewheres, I could almost taste the oil, it was so strong to the nose.

Josh's stage was built on the edge of a cliffed bank, so once out of the buildin' you were right on the land. This door was barred from the inside. Josh hadn't expected visitors to come the way I did.

It wasn't far up the path leadin' to the cabbage garden on the knoll in back of the house. In no time at all I was waitin' under the salt sprayed fir.

Pretty soon there was a slithery noise that only a woman's dress could make, I whistled low like, an' Emily slipped over to the tree. She acted mighty worried, an' I knew something was botherin' her. But I hugged her tight an' got to thinkin' what a fine girl she was.

Whenever I looked at Emily it was as though I was lookin' not right at her, but more like watchin' her in a kitchen somewheres with a passel of young ones aroun' her. Young ones that looked like me. She was a girl that made a man

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feel like settlin' down, an' she was real pretty too. Emily didn't only make a man feel happy, she was happy. Leastwise that was the way she usually was, but right now she was worried.

I was so busy thinkin' that I didn't hear what she was sayin' until she mentioned her old man.

"He left Ma over there an' came back this mornin'," she was sayin'.

"You mean Josh is home?" I quavered. I wasn't feelin' so good. Like my old Grandfather used to say, this was goin' to be a night in the ashes, an' goin' that way fast.

"Not now. Pa went off somewhere this evenin' just before you turned the point," she answered. "Said he wouldn't be back 'til late." She sounded anxious. "It's hard to tell about Pa though."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when we heard it—the squeak of oars in the oarlocks. Josh was rowin' into the cove.

"Oh Matt." Emily wailed, "now

look what I've gone an' done. Now you're in trouble." She started to cry.

"You go on in Emily," I directed, "I'll stop Josh long enough for you to get settled away."

"Oh no, Matt," but she turned an' ran for the house. I was in trouble an' that was for sure.

Josh Butler looked big an' mean, what I could see of him, standin' there in the fishin' stage. He had a lantern lit on the splittin' table.

I had opened the door but I was too scared to go in yet.

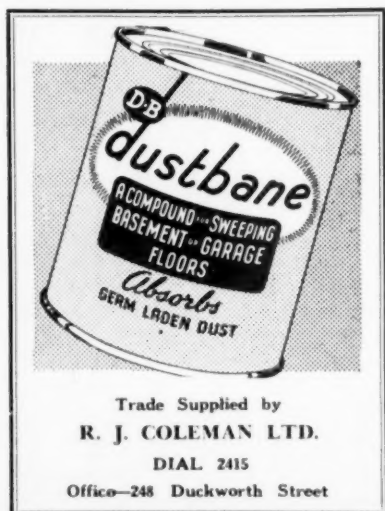
"So it's you Gratin." He wasn't glad to see me. It's time you got it through your thick head that the likes o' you ain't welcome on my property."

I was surprised at the way things was goin'. Josh Butler wasn't the man to waste time talkin' when there was a young feller aroun' that could be kicked about. But I reckoned that even Josh Butler could get tired kickin' aroun' the same young feller.

I felt better, maybe he might listen to reason after all. "Josh," I began, "about me an' Emily, we — — —"

Guess he must have come to life 'round about then, because when I came to, I was out on the stagehead all in a heap, an' sobbin' like a young one. Why would Emily want me anyway, when her old man could trim me any time he wanted? He was twice as big, but I was half as young, wasn't I?

The stage door was barred, but I could hear Josh walkin' aroun' an' swearing' something shockin'. I banged on the door an' hollered for him to let me talk to him. After he had hollered back for the



third time, for me to get off his property, I got off.

I stood up in the punt an' got the feel of the swell under the stern. Right then I didn't feel like sittin', so I decided to scull out of the cove. Lucky for me that the scullin' oar was aboard.

The lights were out over at the house. Josh was still clumpin' aroun' in the stage. I wondered how Emily was an' if she got in without bein' caught by old Aunt Aggie. Old Aggie had probably been too busy listenin' to the fuss down the stage to notice anything else. I hoped so.

It didn't dawn on me until I was roun' Drowned Sailors' Point that I was in Josh Butler's punt. He must have found out too roun' about then, because I could hear some fearful sounds comin' from his stagehead.

Suddenly I didn't want to talk to Josh Butler any more. I didn't want to see him any more. After this I was sure I wouldn't see Emily any more. Life was gettin' worse by the minute.

I expected to hear Josh after me when I reached our fishin' stage, but he must have thought I'd tie up at the public wharf. That was Sunday night.

It's Tuesday now, an' I hear he is goin' aroun' sayin' I stole his fishin' punt. He got mine, ain't he? And there's more fishin' gear in mine than in his, but there's lobster pots here in his punt.

Wait a minute, what's lobster pots doin' in Josh Butler's punt? Seems to me they're against the law aroun' these parts. An' where was Josh Butler's boat that night?

## *To a Fisherman's Wife*

She doth not boast complexion fair;  
Nor stately form, or queenly air;  
No curls adorn her humble head  
No claim to fortune hath she made.  
But tho' not blest with high degree  
A priceless treasure still is she  
As by her husbands side she stands,  
As day by day his fish he lands,  
And in the stage by night or day  
She helps him 'put his fish away.'  
Then to her home she'll hasten on,  
To see that household tasks are done,  
That meals are served, and prayers  
are said,  
And children washed, and put to bed.  
The fish, next day, she'll spread to dry  
Upon the flake so tall and high  
And watch them that they will not  
burn,  
And scan the seas for his return.  
Thus day by day and year by year  
With patient toil and loving care  
A life of endless service she  
Doth give to aid her family.  
On Sabbath when all is at rest  
You'll find her in God's house so blest  
And hear her voice in humble prayer  
Extending thanks for all His care,  
Her husband, children, by her side  
Her family, her joy and pride.  
He, who such a companion hath,  
Doth cherish her through life and  
death. —DULCIE LEAR SPRACKLIN.  
Brigus.

Lobster's been mighty scarce this season, leastwise when the cages are hauled in the mornin'. I ain't goin' to mention nothin' right out, seein' as how Josh Butler is Emily's pa.

But Josh Butler ain't goin' to no Mounties with no yarn that I stole his fishin' punt. An' Emily an' me will be marryin' up right soon too. You'll see.



## Jubilarians in Detroit



**M**R AND MRS. ALEX ANSTEY were married at Little Bay Islands, in 1902. For the next 43 years they lived at Little Bay Islands and there raised a family of 5 children. They left Newfoundland in 1945 to make their home with their oldest son, Joseph, in Magnolia, a suburb of Detroit. Their children had grown up at Little Bay Islands and one by one had gone abroad to establish their own homes.

In spite of the difference in customs and conditions in Detroit their natural friendliness and kindness soon won many friends for Mr. and Mrs. Anstey. Church affiliations and active participation in community affairs, brought them a wide and valued circle of new friends.

Saturday, December 6th, 1952, marked the 50th anniversary of their wedding and to prove how completely they have captured the affections of their new associates, friends gave a golden wedding anniversary reception and tea in their honor. The women of the Magnolia Evangelical—United Brethren Church and members of the Red Cross Group invited neighbors and close friends to attend the anniversary party at the Magnolia Church.

Over 125 people accepted this invitation to help Mr. and Mrs. Anstey celebrate their 50 years together.

While it was impossible for three of their children to travel the many miles and bring their families with them, two sons were present and helped receive the guests. They were Joe and Oscar, who came from Hamilton, Ontario, for this special occasion.

A gold and white vase with a beautiful bouquet of yellow and white chrysanthemums, a gift from a group of neighbors, was at one end of the table and a three-tiered wedding cake with golden bells on the top made an appropriate centerpiece. Gold and white "Fiftieth Anniversary" napkins became mementos of the occasion. Organ music played by Mrs. M. Hanna and Mrs. M. Baker made a pleasant background and Mrs. W. Neil and Mrs. E. Blythe sang duets.

Many gifts of gold, or crystal and gold, were received, also several beautiful bouquets of flowers and plants. From their children they received a watch, gold knife and chain, gold bracelet, gold cup and saucer, and a white Bible with their names engraved in gold. In addition to the two sons who were present, the Anstey family consists of:

Elmo, in Toronto, Canada.

Audrey, now Mrs. Nelson Hodder, Gander, Newfoundland.

Avice, now Mrs. Richard Morgan IV, Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

And five grandchildren: Richard, Joan and Emily Morgan; Graham and Linda Hodder.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Anstey are enjoying good health and are always interested in news of their former home and friends in Newfoundland.

—AVICE ANSTEY MORGAN.  
Hartford, Conn.

## Letters to The Editor

Editor Atlantic Guardian :

Hurrah, Hurrah! Well, I am glad to see the old mag again, after six months. I was down to St. John's last summer after over 40 years. There are a lot of changes in 40 years. When I left there you could not see a lady's leg above her ankles—now you can tell if they are bowlegged two blocks away. Things sure have changed since I left there. A lot of the people kicked about the high prices, but I told them that they were a lot cheaper then when I left, as I had to work an hour to get two street-car fares. Now you can ride to Bay Bulls and back for one hour's work. I had to work a whole week for a barrel of flour or a ton of coal. I worked two hours for a pound of butter and four hours for a pound of tea. Some of the working men have a car now; when I left they did not have a bike. Now the sidewalk is full of kids' bikes and other toys. I never saw more than a hand made sled. I was sure glad to see that they woke up, and I only



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hope that they stay awake. I guess they will while Joey is around under his own power.

I was at Torbay also Portugal Cove, and out to Dog-town—"Petty Harbor." I told some of them down there that Manitoba was five times as large as Newfoundland and they said that I was a nut. They were very close, were they not? I am a BOLT.

LARRY BOLT.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Editor Atlantic Guardian:

Am delighted to see our Newfoundland magazine back in circulation again. Hope we can have lots of interesting articles and pictures of Newfoundland, as it means so much to us so far away from home, especially the articles on Placentia. Thanking you and will be looking forward to the next issue.

Sincerely,

MRS. JAMES R. PHIPPARD,

Nashua,

New Hampshire.

Editor Atlantic Guardian:

It is good indeed to receive *Atlantic Guardian* again after several months of silence. I wish your renewed activity every good success in the publishing field. Now bring on Ron Pollett whose fine literary work is so rich in the spirit and atmosphere of Newfoundland life.

Best regards and good luck to you,

CYRIL BATTEN.

Detroit 24, Mich.

Editor Atlantic Guardian:

Although quite unexpected it was a very pleasant surprise to find a copy of the *Guardian* in our mail box once more.

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

We have missed it so much during the past months because it is a strong and binding link between Newfoundlanders abroad and their native land.

Early this year there was an account of our Golden Anniversary sent to your office; if not too long out of date and if convenient to you our family would be pleased to see it in print.

Wishing the friendly interesting *Guardian* every success in the future, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

MRS. MARY ANSTEY.

Detroit, 35, Michigan.

Editor *Atlantic Guardian*:

Was so pleased to learn you had decided to renew the publication of this, I think, very interesting magazine. Am a former Newfoundlander from away back, being born there and my visit in 1909 is still a memorable one. I am planning on a visit in the near future. I did miss the magazine a lot as I still remember a lot about "Home." Thanking you, I remain,

LAWRENCE BUSSEY.

Alliston, Mass., U.S.A.

Editor *Atlantic Guardian*:

It was with surprise and great pleasure that I received my copy of the *Atlantic Guardian*.

I had missed it so much for the months it was not being published.

I am a Newfoundlander and have been living in Ontario for several years now but my island home will always be very dear to my heart. The never-to-be-forgotten tang of the salt sea breeze, the glint of the sun on the dancing waves, the white sails of the ships, the moon rising out of the ocean making a path of light across the dark sea—these pictures are al-

AUGUST, 1953

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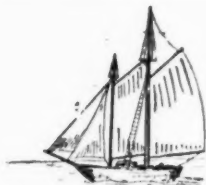
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ways before my eyes and I am glad to see some of the very beautiful snapshots in the *Guardian*.

Wishing you every success in your work of making Newfoundland known to Newfoundlanders and others.

Yours truly,

MRS. E. ADAMS.

Kingston, Ont.

Editor Atlantic Guardian:

Thank you for the May issue of *Atlantic Guardian*. Just a few days prior to receiving same, I had remarked to my family that the *Atlantic Guardian* had not been coming lately and wondered if they were being mislaid or if the subscription had run out.

Do you welcome suggestions for your magazine? If so, I suggest—an index of all articles published for a semi-yearly or yearly period, such as some other popular magazines do (Reader's Digest, for instance). It would eliminate looking through all, or a lot of magazines to find the article wanted.

Hope you do not mind this suggestion, and the very best of luck, and continued success to your very wonderful magazine.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. JOE ARNOLD.

South Gate, Calif.

Editor Atlantic Guardian:

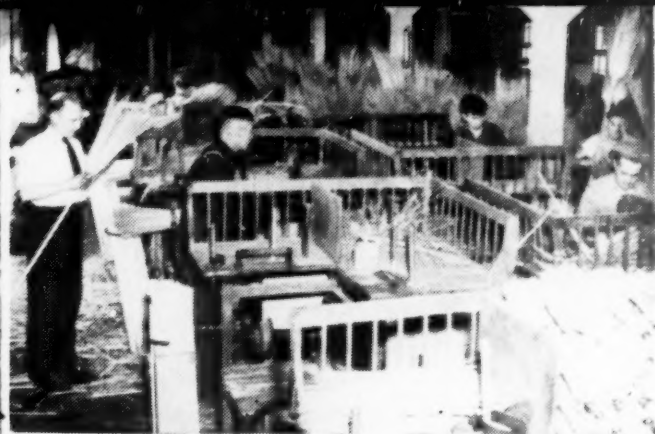
Hello folks up there in the fresh air away from these stinking big cities of smoke and fog—smog—we call it. I missed the *Guardian*—hope you are very successful with it forever now. It's a pleasure to resubscribe.

Regards,

RALPH B. WILSON.

Sierra Madre, Calif.

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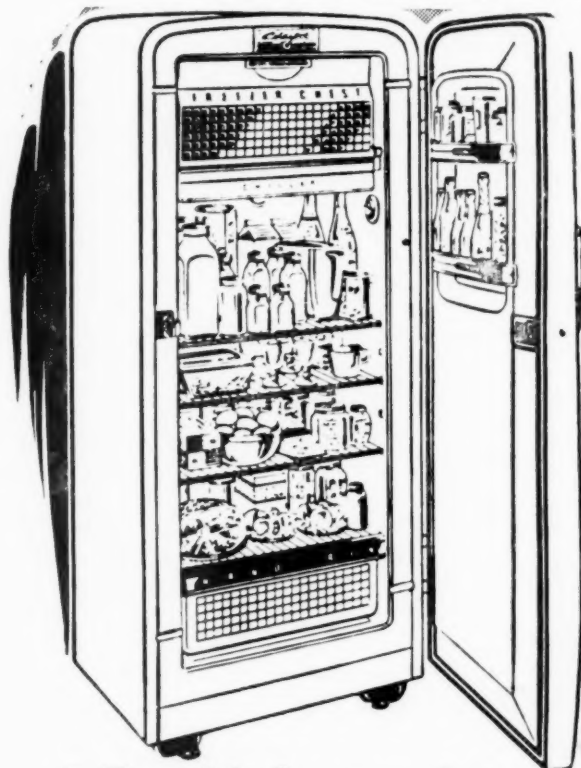
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